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Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast
Say, flies he?

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London, Feb.y 7.th 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MARK AKENSIDE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of Nature and of Science; Nurse rever'd
Of gen'rous counsels and heroick deeds!
O let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme!---Let me
With blameless hand from thy unenvious fields
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime---while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attick themes the British lyre.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Come, AKENSIDE! come with thine Attick urn,
Fill'd from Ilissus by the Naiad's hand:
Thy harp was tun'd to Freedom---Strains like thine,
When Asia's lord [illegible]
And bridg'd the sea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece------

ANONYM.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY [illegible] MARTINE.

Anno 1781.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MARK AKENSIDE.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES, | HYMNS,
MISCELLANIES, | INSCRIPTIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

With what enchantment Nature's goodly ſcene
Attracts the ſenſe of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler ſtill
Prepare; how men by various leſſons learn
To judge of Beauty's praiſe; what raptures fill
The breaſt with Fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown,
My Verſe unfolds. Ye Gods or godlike Pow'rs!
Ye Guardians of the ſacred taſk! attend
Propitious: hand in hand around your Bard
Move in majeſtick meaſures —Be great in him,
And let your favour make him wiſe to ſpeak
Of all your wondrous empire, with a voice
So temper'd to his theme that thoſe who hear
May yield perpetual homage to yourſelves.——
O! attend, whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch,
Whom Nature's aſpect, Nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command: O! liſten to my Song,
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.

PLEAS. OF IMAG. ENLARGED.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

On yonder verdant hillock laid
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade!
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre!
A while with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And lo! within my lonely bow'r
Th' induſtrious bee from many a flow'r
Collects her balmy dews;
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are born,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet Murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unfully'd ſpring,
Still ſhow'rs and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-lab'rer thee to hail,
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did Nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee in lowly ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flow'ry greens,
My Muſe delighted plays,
Nor thro' the deſert of the air
Tho' ſwans or eagles triumph there
With fond ambition ſtrays;

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chants,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts,
Will ſhe her cares employ,
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From Superſtition's horrid glooms,
To daylight and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte,
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing,
But leaves with ſcorn to Envy's uſe
Th' inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII.

From all which Nature faireſt knows,
The vernal blooms the ſummer roſe,
She draws her blameleſs wealth,
And when the gen'rous taſk is done
She conſecrates a double boon
To pleaſure and to health.

ODE II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE, MDCCXL.

I.

The radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains,
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now piercing half Potoſi's height
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light,
Ripening the mountain's ſilver ſtores,
While in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft' th' approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo! on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun, how thick the air!
Muſt'ring his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt!
Lo! Winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their lateſt bloom,
No more the breezes waft perfume,

No more the ſtreams in muſick roll,
But ſnows fall dark or rains reſound,
And while great Nature mourns around
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire;
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs,
Againſt the ſpiteful heav'n conſpire.
Mean-time perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad,
The moon is ſunk and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou my Lyre! awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force;
Ev'n now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl th' aerial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing,
And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
With flow'rs, and dews, and ſtreaming light,
Already decks the newborn ſpring.

V.

O Fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,

How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hov'ring tempeſt fly
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or thund'ring o'er the Baltick deep
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er Nature and her laws;
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
Th' indulgence of the Sovran Cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Thro' this majeſtick frame of things
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that Heav'n's allſubduing will
With good the progeny of ill
Attemp'reth ev'ry ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintry night
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antick pomp array'd,
While now I taſte th' Ionian ſong,

Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Reſounding thro' the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome cheerful equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page a while,
Let Mirth on Wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial Eaſe on learned Toil;
Then while at Love's uncareful ſhrine
Each dictates to the god of Wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flatt'ring dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence height'ning ev'ry charm
Invokes the ſlow-returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heav'n and earth!
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
Th' auſpicious morn which gives thee birth
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither ye ſilver-ſounding Lyres!
Ye tender Smiles, ye chaſte Deſires!
Fond Hope and mutual Faith! repair.

X.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming Maid!
And ev'ry pain of abſence die;

Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong;
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And Echo down the bord'ring vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE II.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE,

December 11, 1740*.

I.

Now to the utmoſt ſouthern goal
The ſun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bleſs the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potoſi's lofty brow
Floods of ſublimer ſplendour flow,
Ripening the latent ſeeds of gold,
Whilſt panting in the lonely ſhade
Th' afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deſerted coaſt
How faint the light, how chill the air!

* This Ode was afterwards entirely altered, as may be ſeen p. 7.—The reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee it as it was originally written.

Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and froſt,
Fierce Winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their cheerful bloom,
No more the breezes breathe perfume,
No more the warbling waters roll;
Deſerts of ſnow fatigue the eye,
Succeſſive tempeſts bloat the ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

III.

But let my drooping genius riſe
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray,
Now now he climbs the northern ſkies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then louder howl the ſtormy waſte
By ſand and ocean worſe defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And Fancy thro' the wintry gloom,
Radiant with dews and flow'rs in bloom,
Already hails th' emerging ſpring.

IV.

O Fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before the vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each tempeſt hov'ring fly
That now fermenting loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,

To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
And thund'ring o'er the Baltick deep
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views
Preſume to tax wiſe Nature's laws;
'Tis his with ſilent joy to uſe
Th' indulgence of the Sov'reign Cauſe;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good conſummate ſprings
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the providence of Heav'n
Has ſome peculiar bleſſing giv'n
To each allotted ſtate below.

VI.

Ev'n now how ſweet the wintry night
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light
I ſeem the awful courſe to tread
Where chiefs and legiſlators lie
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
With ev'ry laurel freſh diſplay'd,
While charm'd I rove in claſſick ſong,
Or bend to Freedom's fearleſs tongue,
Or walk the academick ſhade.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED my Phædria! if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe.—
Say, tho' with this heroick air,
Like one that holds a nobler chaſe,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky
Oft' as you ſeek the wellknown grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning ſcenes of love:
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul entire?
Does Wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain and that be gone?
No tear half ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh nor ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the fav'rite good
Which you reſerv'd for happier years,
While ſide by ſide the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage half afraid
Spite of the ſickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian Pow'rs of Love and Fame!
This chaſte harmonious pair behold,
And thus reward the gen'rous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth! O tender charms!
Well bury'd in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love;
Bid her adieu the venal fair;
Unworthy ſhe your bleſs to prove,

Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No; lay your myrtle garland down,
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Tho' driv'n unwilling on the land,
To guide your favour'd ſteps again
Behold your better genius ſtand!
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's ſhrine,
Behold he lifts his awful hand!

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim
And Time, the fire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A ſob'rer dreſs will Beauty wear;
Then ſhall Eſteem by Knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE. TO THE SAME.

I.

Yes, you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your fav'rite hopes betray'd,
Nor tho' her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,

Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the Siren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love, ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me Phædria! tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride, you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

O fly! it is dire Suſpicion's mien,
And meditating plagues unſeen
The ſorc'reſs hither bends;
Behold her torch in gall imbru'd,
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways,
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

IV.

No more can Faith or Candour move,
But each ingenuous deed of love
Which Reaſon would applaud
Now ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like Injury and Fraud.

V.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times;
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear.
Guilt follows guilt; and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain
What horrours form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful pow'r
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care th' infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſt
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey;
Come where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves, conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the Sun's deſcending car
What pow'r unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god in whiſpers from the wood
Bids ev'ry thought be kind?

IX.

O thou! whate'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains;
Thou! who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys
And half diſarm our pains;

X.

Let univerſal candour ſtill,
Clear as yon' heav'n-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind,
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe
To injure humankind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the ſhades of ev'ning cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
—Alas! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene;
While rous'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins,
While Winter's voice that ſtorms around,
And yon' deep death-bell's groaning ſound,
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom
Till ſtarting Horrour ſhakes the room.
Is there in Nature no kind pow'r
To ſooth Affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?

Come, Cheerfulneſs! triumphant Fair!
Shine thro' the hov'ring cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien!
O Virtue's friend, and Pleaſure's queen!
Aſſuage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt,
And while thy gracious gifts I feel
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once (it was in Aſtrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of Day
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſtrewing round him dews and flow'rs;
Before his wheels Aurora paſt,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt:
But faireſt of the blooming throng
When Health majeſtick mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields, rejoice,
Then mighty Love her charms confeſt,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,

And known from that auſpicious morn
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.
Thou, Cheerfulneſs! by Heav'n deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the pow'r within
And ſtrain the muſical machine,
Thou, Goddeſs! thy attemp'ring hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft and ſwells the ſtrong,
And joining Nature's gen'ral ſong
Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.
Fair Guardian of domeſtick life!
Kind Baniſher of homebred ſtrife!
Nor ſullen lip nor taunting eye
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by;
No ſick'ning huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female pow'r;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs;
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flow'rs their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound,
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And ev'ning unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth whoſe anxious heart
Labours with love's unpity'd ſmart?
Tho' now he ſtray by rills and bow'rs,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents falt'ring into ſighs,
Yet thou, auſpicious Pow'r! with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train!
For thee I court the Muſe again;
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heav'n obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung,
But thine was Homer's ancient night,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight;
Thy hand each Leſbian wreath attir'd,
Thy lips Sicilian reeds inſpir'd;
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flow'rs of Teos bloom,

Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows th' enliv'ning gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to Fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſt,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſert ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell:
Alone he treads th' autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend
And gath'ring ſtorms aloft impend,
He hears the neighb'ring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole,
Then ſtruck by ev'ry object round,
And ſtunn'd by ev'ry horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways,
But evil haunts him thro' the maze;
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And Chance and Fate aſſume the rod,
And Malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou! whoſe pleaſing pow'r I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring,
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom

Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſick ſwell each op'ning gale;
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that Preſiding Cauſe
Who founds on diſcord Beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure ev'ry pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſt.
O thou! whoſe pleaſing pow'r I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame,
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care;
But moſt exert thy pleaſing pow'r
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour,
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the gen'rous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But if by Fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer,
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of wo
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

Not for themſelves did humankind
Contrive the parts by Heav'n aſſign'd
On life's wide ſcene to play:
Not Scipio's force nor Cæſar's ſkill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill
If Fortune cloſe the way.

II.

Yet ſtill the ſelf-depending ſoul,
Tho' laſt and leaſt in Fortune's roll,
His proper ſphere commands,
And knows what Nature's ſeal beſtow'd,
And ſees before the throne of God
The rank in which he ſtands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who reſcu'd nations from the rage
Of partial factious pow'r,

My heart with diſtant homage views,
Content if thou, celeſtial Muſe!
Didſt rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet
Nor from the legiſlator's ſeat
Stands far remote the bard:
Tho' not with publick terrours crown'd
Yet wider ſhall his rule be found,
More laſting his award.

V.

Lycurgus faſhion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave univerſal ſway.
Where are they?—Homer's rev'rend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow,
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now;

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakeſpeare's pow'rful art
O'er ev'ry paſſion ev'ry heart
Confirm his awful throne;

Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws,
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's, cauſe
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

Farewell to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat,
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the fav'rites at her feet
She trains the body's bulky frame
For paſſive perſevering toils;
And left from any prouder aim
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave pacifick air
Where never mountain zephir blew,
The marſhy levels lank and bare
Which Pan which Ceres never knew,
The Naiads with obſcene attire
Urging in vain their urns to flow,
While round them chant the croking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent wo,
Or prompt ſome reſtive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell ye Nymphs! whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of Love;
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain,
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove:
Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd Fathers of the land!
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by publick choice,
I go where Liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England! when with thee
Shall I ſit down to part no more?
Far from this pale diſcolour'd ſea
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows, till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bow'rs and copſes green the golden ſlope divide?

II. 2.

Ye Nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye Blueey'd Siſters of the ſtreams!
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams,
O take me to your haunts again,

The rocky ſpring the greenwood glade,
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murm'ring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain!

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful Harp! no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand;
Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion! liſten to my lyre:
O Phœbus! guardian of th'Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round th' Olympian Father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, Protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtick call
Above degen'rate Latium's praiſe,
Above the [illegible]viſh boaſt of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim
And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms
The honours of a poet's name,
To Somers' counſels or to Hamden's arms
Thee, Freedom! I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great Citizen of Albion! thee
Heroick Valour ſtill attends,

And uſeful Science, pleas'd to ſee
How Art her ſtudious toil extends,
While Truth diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day
Fills and commands the publick eye,
Till pierc'd and ſinking by her pow'rful ray [ſly.
Tame Faith and monkiſh Awe like nightly demons

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares,
Hence dread Religion dwells with ſocial Joy,
And holy paſſions and unſully'd cares
In youth, in age, domeſtick life employ.
O fair Britannia! hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame;
But when for gen'rous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe
There publick zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO *, MDCCXLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell,
Eager thro' endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.

* See The Epiſtle to Curio in this volume.

How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendour of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, Freedom, Glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report
Save thy fond Country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The publick vengeance on thy private foe:
But ſpite of ev'ry gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, ev'n yet, believe it ſpite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

" Thou didſt not dream of Liberty decay'd,
" Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more ſtrong,
" But the raſh many firſt by thee miſled
" Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes ye curſt of old
For faith deſerted or for cities ſold!
Own here one untry'd unexampled deed,
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And 'ſcape in Guilt's diſguiſe from Virtue's offer'd [meed.

IV.

For ſaw we not that dang'rous pow'r avow'd
Whom Freedom oft' hath found her mortal bane,
Whom Publick Wiſdom ever ſtrove t' exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuff'reth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court o'er ſenate ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtates directing ſoul,
'Till Curio like a good magician try'd,
With Eloquence and Reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells th' enchantreſs to control.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The reſcu'd merchant oft' thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends;
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan,
While he whom virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bad ſocial eaſe and publick paſſions meet
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd,
We ſaw thy ſpirit thro' the ſenate reign,
And Freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.

Wak'd in the ſtrife the publick Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent, from his long repoſe;
Deep thro' her bounds the City felt his call;
Each crowded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his pow'r,
And murm'ring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good Pow'rs who look on humankind!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they rowl,
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.
O Alfred! father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward! firſt in civil fame,
O William! height of publick virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
Behold the ſum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion! oft' to flatt'ring vows a prey,
'Twas then--thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd,
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd,
Whom the dead envy'd and the living bleſt,
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd,
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd,
Whom thoſe that fear'd him ſcorn, that truſted him [deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame
Sold to the mock'ry of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd t' exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favour thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy Country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X.

But England's ſons to purchaſe thence applauſe
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the publick cauſe,
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O Race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labours which to Virtue ſtand approv'd
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey,
Yet where Injuſtice works her wilful claim
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorc'rer's cell:
Before her rites thy ſick'ning reaſon flew,
Divine Perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,

While Laughter mock'd or Pity ſtole a ſigh.
Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can Fancy's feeble ſprings the force of truth ſupply?

XII.

But come; it is time; ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd the ſolemn fane aſcends
By Infamy the mindful demon ſway'd;
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd and from towns laid waſte,
For ever thro' the ſpacious courts reſound;
There long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrours not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge! awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt,
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence ev'ry treaty ev'ry war began,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims,
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge and raze their ſculp-
tur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty Shades! ariſe, give place, attend;
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks;
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:
" He comes whom Fate with ſurer arts prepar'd
" T' accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd,
" Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign,
" Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging pow'r
" Even to its laſt irrevocable hour,
" Then baffled their rude ſtrength and broke them to [the chain."

XV.

But ye whom yet wiſe Liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world ſhe claims,
(That houſehold godhead whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide,
Still frame your laws her gen'rous teſt t' abide,
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourſelves ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury which commerce pours
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs thro' your blood
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline endures:
Snatch from fantaſtick demagogues her cauſe;

Dream not of Numa's manners Plato's laws:
A wiſer founder and a nobler plan
O Sons of Alfred! were for you aſſign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind
And no ſublimer lot will Fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my ſongs, harmonious Maid!
Ah! why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah! why forſaken thus my breaſt,
With inauſpicious damps oppreſt?
Where is the dread prophetick heat
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, Goddeſs! can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd,
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the pow'r
To give one free poetick hour?
Or from amid th' Elyſian train
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O pow'rful ſtrain! O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers ev'ry ſenſe control:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns!
Such on the banks of Tyne confeſt
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bad me ſwear to follow her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE. TO A FRIEND.

I.

No, fooliſh Youth!—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the crowd,
Lean not to Love's enchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks, beware,
Nor join his votaries the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will Ambition's awful ſpoils
The flow'ry pomp of Eaſe adorn;

But love unbends the force of thought,
By love unmanly fears are taught,
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of Beauty's praiſe
In Wiſdom's lofty language dreſt;
Of Beauty pow'rful to impart
Each finer ſenſe each comelier art,
And ſooth and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then from Love's deceit ſecure
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go ſee the white-wing'd ev'ning hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend;
Go while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene,
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung,
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia! win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conſcious of the dang'rous charm
Soon would I turn my ſteps away,
Nor oft' provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway:
But thou, my Friend!—I hear thy ſighs;
Alas! I read thy downcaſt eyes,
And thy tongue falters and thy colour flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
—O yet, unlucky Youth! beware
While yet to think is in thy pow'r.
In vain with friendſhip's flatt'ring name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame,
Friendſhip, the treach'rous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to Love,
And dreading his tyrannick chain,
I ſought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign,
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the loveſick band,
And mock the *winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſt the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd,

While I exulted to ſurvey
One gen'rous woman's real mind,
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſt,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers or my dreams diſtreſt.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, ev'n now,
While thus I preach the Stoick ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view
An hour unſays it all again.
O Friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where ev'ry paſſion lies
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET.

I.

Behold! the Balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintry ſcale inclines,
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows;
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial tow'rs,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths or Kentiſh bow'rs,
Where'er I paſs I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach,
Hurry'd by ſenatorial cares,
While rural nymphs (alike within
Aſpiring courtly praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boaſt?
O Drake! thy footſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the prieſts of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have gen'ral freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much, and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day which made us free
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me:

With me the ſulph'rous treaſon old
A far inferiour part ſhall hold
In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain,
And gen'rous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies
We 'll truly thank the pow'r divine
Who had the chief the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroick eaſe, (the ſpoil
Due for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her ſaviour ſon)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came: the tyrant from our ſhore
Like a forbidden demon fled,
And to eternal exile bore
Pontifick rage and vaſſal dread:
There ſunk the mould'ring Gothick reign;
New years came forth, a lib'ral train!
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my Friend! let bleſſings crown:
—Fill to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake! (for wherefore ſhould we part
The publick and the private weal?)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal;
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the ſoft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heav'n of Myrto's eye
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is; thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Tho' touch'd by many a ſlighter wound,
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſt,
Nor the one fatal charmer found;
While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Thro' all the varying ſeaſons own:
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms,
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRICK POETRY.

I. 1.

Once more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again;

O parent of the Grecian lyre
Admit me to thy pow'rful ſtrain!—
And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and op'ning ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat;
And now at large I drink the ſound
While theſe her offspring liſt'ning round
Ey turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume,
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful Cares! away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd Hours
Lead round his lyre its patron pow'rs,
Kind Laughter and convivial Joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threat'ning hand
The Leſbian patriot * ſmites the ſounding chords.
Ye wretches! ye perfidious train!
Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men!

* Alcæus.

Ye murderers of the laws!
Tho' now ye glory in your luſt,
Tho' now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of Love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintivé meaſures move?
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſt?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene! for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtick in the frown of years
Behold the man of Thebes * appears:
For ſome there are whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd,
As eagles drink the noontide flame,

* Pindar.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe!
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Thro' Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore
Till towns, and iſles, and ſeas, return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft' ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance thy graceful ſong
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaſte! thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade;
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear
And Heav'n's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the Lyre! in thy retreat
The faireſt flow'rs of Pindus glow,
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:

Thy ſtrings adapt their vary'd ſtrain
To ev'ry pleaſure ev'ry pain
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And ſtraight our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells the billows move.

III. 3.

When Midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumb'ring earth
Let me, O Muſe! thy ſolemn whiſpers hear,
When Morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth
With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear;
And ever watchful at thy ſide
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuff'rage guide
The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n:
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft' as to wellearn'd caſe reſign'd
I quit the maze where Science toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay deluſive ſpoils;
But O! indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps the jealous eye
Of wealthy Care or gainful Age,
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to Reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When Friendſhip and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſick of the Teian chord;
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue:
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphick lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land,
When to throw incenſe on the Veſtal flame
Of Liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee O Muſe! do I require,
While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of pow'rs ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND, FROM THE COUNTRY

I.

Say, Townſhend! what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,

The health to-day reſign'd,
When Spring from this her fav'rite ſeat
Bad Winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind?

II.

Oh! knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heav'ns, prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noiſy courts engage,
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft' I look'd forth and oft' admir'd,
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd
I ſought the open day;
"And ſure," I cry'd, "the rural gods
"Expect me in their green abodes,
"And chide my tardy lay."

IV.

But ah! in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd ev'ry ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old;
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid
Nor Woodnymph tripping thro' her glade
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook

And catch the pearly ſhow'rs,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
Or breathe on op'ning flow'rs.

VI.

Such rites which they with ſpring renew
The eyes of Care can never view,
And care hath long been mine;
And hence offended with their gueſt
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſt
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enliv'ning tongue
This heart by dear affliction wrung
With noble hope inſpire;
Then will the ſylvan pow'rs again
Receive me in their genial train
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon' Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtick altar ſhall be paid
Of turf with laurel fram'd,
And thou th' inſcription wilt approve,
"This for the peace which loſt by love
"By friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

To-night retir'd the queen of Heav'n
With young Endymion ſtays;
And now to Heſper is it giv'n
A while to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of brighter rays.

II.

O Heſper! while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh! liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine,
So may the bride's unmarry'd train
To Hymen chant their flatt'ring vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent pow'r:
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb,
And lo! from thence in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bow'r.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray
Thou pureſt light above;
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
Where gulf or ſteep lie hid for harm,
But lead where muſick's healing charm
May ſooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong;
Oft' by yon' ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or fix'd while Philomela talk'd
Beneath yon' copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom where the beechen boughs
That roofleſs tow'r invade
We came while her enchanting Muſe
The radiant moon above us held,
Till by a clam'rous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark! I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper! guide my feet
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown
Thro' yon' wild thicket next the plain
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space! on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See! in the midst she takes her stand
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Enclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark! how thro' many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays;
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magick path attends,
The stars shine out the forest bends,
The wakeful heifers gaze!

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom Chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Siren sing,
Oh! softly tread beneath her bow'r,
And think of Heav'n's disposing pow'r,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh! think o'er all this mortal ſtage
What mournful ſcenes ariſe,
What ruin waits on kingly rage,
How often Virtue dwells with Wo,
How many griefs from knowledge flow,
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies!

XIII.

O ſacred Bird! let me at eve
Thus wand'ring all alone
Thy tender counſel oft' receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

With ſordid floods the wintry urn *
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green,
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetick ſcene;
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind,
And London ſhelters from the year

* Aquarius.

Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attick Muſe deſign'd.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the City ſhall behold
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of Fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name
Before the ſun th' anointed head:
Then ſeek thou too the pious Town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That ev'ning's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away:
For this on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate the prieſt
From heav'nly wrath will ſave the land,
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The Thund'rer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge! peace to church and ſtate!
That ev'ning let the Muſe give law,
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth enamour'd ſaw.

Then will I oft' explore thy thought
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to purſue in Virgil's lay,
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame!
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And Engliſh Fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtize,
While hand in hand at Wiſdom's ſhrine
Beauty with Truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave Aſſent with glad Applauſe,
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul
And Plato's viſions to control
By Verulamian * laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY, MDCCXLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, Sage Divine!
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the Novum Organum.

For with me nor Pomp nor Pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to ſpurn at noble praiſe
Be the paſſport to thy heav'n
Follow thou theſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was giv'n,
Nor I truſt ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me,
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire
And Tully's curule chair and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON, MDCCXLVII.

I. I.

The wiſe and great of ev'ry clime
Thro' all the ſpacious walks of Time
Where'er the Muſe her pow'r diſplay'd
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd;
For taught of Heav'n the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers forms divine
To mortal ſenſe impart:

They beſt the ſoul with glory fire,
They nobleſt counſels boldeſt deeds inſpire,
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm,
To melt the proud with human wo,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a pow'r like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts or Marlb'rough's ſword
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings! thou my words wilt own;
Thy breaſt the gifts of ev'ry Muſe hath known,
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour, to aſſert
From all that ſcorned Vice or ſlaviſh Fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings,
Warbling at will in Pleaſure's myrtle bow'r,
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtick kings,
By flatt'ring minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heav'nly Muſe's reign:
A diff'rent ſtrain
And other themes
From her prophetick ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams

(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purg'd ear,
Such as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd godlike ſounds to hear,
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd,
And how by Glory Virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtick train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the rev'rend pilgrim's ſoul,
When ev'ry hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite
He ſtruck his magick ſtrings,
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vast heroick things.

II. 2.

Now oft' where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,

Strophe II. 3.] Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's Works. — Plutarch says, the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united Grecian forces, under Pausanias and Aristides, — Cimon the Athenian received a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus, lib.

Oft' near him with applauding hands
The Genius of his country ſtands;

preferred the inſcription which the Athenians affixed to th
conſecrated ſpoils after this great ſucceſs, in which it is ver
remarkable that the greatneſs of the occaſion has raiſed th
manner of expreſſion above the uſual ſimplicity and modeſ
of all other ancient inſcriptions. It is this;

ΕΞ. ΟΥ Γ' ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ
ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. Ε
ΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΓΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ
ΘΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΔΑΟΥΣ
ΟΔΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑ
ΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΑΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ
ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΝΤΡΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕ
ΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal;

Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of War
Aſſail'd imperious cities, never yet
At once among the waves and on the ſhore
Hath ſuch a labour been achiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They who'ſe arms the Me
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they the ſtate
Have won from fall Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crowded with warriors. Aſia groans, in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten by the might of war.

To lift'ning gods he makes him known,
That man divine by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame,
Who first the race with freedom fir'd
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd,
From whom Platean palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O noblest happiest age
When Aristides rul'd and Cimon fought,

Strophe II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece Pindar was true to the common interest of his country, though his fellow-citizens the Thebans had joined themselves to the Persian king. In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece, (Olymp. viii.) in another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera, (Pyth. i.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First, then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him as of some other illustrious men, that a swarm of bees lighted on his lips and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him that he was born to receive the poetry, and learn the art of lyric verse, on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Athenians imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroick spirit shown by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty which his own fellow-citizens had treacherously betrayed; and as the argument of this ode implies that great poetical talents and high sentiments of liberty do reciprocally produce and assist each

When all the gen'rous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought!
O Pindar! oft' ſhalt thou be hail'd of me;
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine,
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee,
Nor yet that ſtudious of thy notes divine
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng,
But that thy ſong
Was proud t' unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold,
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame,
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame!
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know,
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

other, ſo Pindar is perhaps the moſt exemplary proof of this connexion which occurs in hiſtory. The Thebans were remarkable in general for a ſlaviſh diſpoſition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth at the time of its ruin by Philip, and even in its beſt ſtate under the adminiſtration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; and every one knows they were no leſs remarkable for great dulneſs and want of all genius. That Pindar ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the reſt of his ſlow citizens in both theſe reſpects ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceding obſervation.

III. 1.

Are there approv'd of later times
Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's * crimes,
Who saw majestick Rome betray'd
And lent th' imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the strains that Mincius heard
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muse's ear aspire,
Save that instructed by the Grecian lyre
With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

III. 2.

Mark how the dread Pantheon stands
Amid the domes of modern hands,
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then turn, and while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time
So mark thou Milton's name,
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The spirit which inform'd thy awful song, flame."
"Which bad thy potent voice protect thy country's

III. 3.

Yet hence barbarick Zeal
His mem'ry with unholy rage pursues,

* Octavianus Cæsar.

[III. 3.] Alluding to his Defence of the People of England against Salmasius, and particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that work in the Introduction to his Reply to Morus.

While from theſe arduous cares of publick weal
She bids each bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O Fool! to think the man whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey,
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of ev'ry kind
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold
Unmov'd or cold;
O Fool! to deem
That he whoſe thought muſt viſit ev'ry theme,
Whoſe heart muſt ev'ry ſtrong emotion know,
Inſpir'd by Nature or by Fortune taught,
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught
Shall ſpurn at Freedom's faithful band,
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand.

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine
From publick themes the Muſes' quire
Content with poliſh'd Eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile Ambition's aim,
Say, what can publick themes afford
Save venal honours to an hateful lord, [Fame?
Reſerv'd for angry Heav'n and ſcorn'd of honeſt

IV. 2.

But here, where Freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known,
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the pow'r that rules him ſhares,
Here let the bard whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves publick arguments unſung
Bid publick praiſe farewell,
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings! not to all
Can ruling Heav'n the ſame endowments lend;
Yet ſtill doth Nature to her offspring call,
That to one gen'ral weal their diff'rent pow'rs they bend
Unenvious. Thus alone tho' ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon,
Tho' with new honours the Patrician's line
Advance from age to age, yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial Fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move:

Stanza. IV. 3.] Edward III. from whom deſcended Henry Haſtings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

But thee, O Progeny of heroes old!
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires;
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand,
Sublimer than thy sires could trace
Or thy own Edward teach his race
Tho' Gaul's proud Genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms
They led the rustick youth to arms,
And kings their stern achievements fear'd
While private strife their banners rear'd:
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide establish'd throne
No private master fills,
Where long foretold the people reigns,
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains,
And judgeth what he sees, and as he judgeth wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling Democratick tide,
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle Faction's partial aim,
But chiefly with determin'd zeal
To quell that servile band who kneel
To Freedom's banish'd foes,

That monſter which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound,
Yet dreads to handle arms nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt Heav'ns command
That guilty aims ſhould fordid paths purſue,
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And Virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.
But look on Freedom: ſee thro' ev'ry age
What labours, perils, griefs, hath the diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion will have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains
Which now reſound
Where Beerſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound
Bear witneſs: there oft' let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbow'rs his gate,
And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale
Where Cav'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne, ſat
When burſting from their country's chain
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for Freedom this her nobleſt reign.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Sandiacre in Derbyſhire, the Earl of Devonſhire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The houſe in which they met is at preſent a farm-houſe, and the country people diſtinguiſh the room where they ſat by the name of The Plotting Parlour.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this publick care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name
Could Fear have ſilenc'd Freedom's claim:
But Fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men for this aſſault a throne
Each adds the common welfare to his own [quires.
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all ac-

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
When Fortune crown'd the barb'rous hoſt,
And half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life,
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife,
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Haſtings! theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true, the conſtant, who alone can weigh
What glory ſhould demand or liberty approve.
But let their works declare them. Thy free pow'rs,
The gen'rous pow'r of thy prevailing mind,

Not for the taſks of their confed'rate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft' nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth;
But ſought from cowards and the lying mouth
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award:
He from the faithful records of his throne
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honour and of ſcorn,
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave,
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

BOOK II. ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE,

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre-Royal while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription, 1749.

If yet regardful of your native land
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo! from the blissful bow'rs where Heav'n rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn in this discerning age
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What tho' the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or tho' the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critick's file?
Yet what my age and climate held to view
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.

And ſay, ye ſkilful in the human heart!
Who know to prize a poet's nobleſt part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought for daring fancy yield?
I ſaw this England break the ſhameful bands
Forg'd for the ſouls of men by ſacred hands,
I ſaw each groaning realm her aid implore,
Her ſons the heroes of each warlike ſhore,
Her naval ſtandard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd thro' all the circuit of the main;
Then too great Commerce for a late-found world
Around your coaſt her eager ſails unfurl'd;
New hopes new paſſions thence the boſom fir'd,
New plans new arts the genius thence inſpir'd,
Thence ev'ry ſcence which private fortune knows
In ſtronger life with bolder ſpirit roſe.
  Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew,
My colours languid or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriours, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
  Such from the firſt was my dramatick plan;
It ſhould be yours to crown what I began:

And now that England ſpurns her Gothick chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,
I thought now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juſter criticks riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately Muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my fav'rite hopes fulfil?
Is France at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
Alas for you that ſo betray a mind
Of art unconſcious and to beauty blind!
Say, does her language your ambition raiſe,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious, phraſe,
Which fetters eloquence to ſcantieſt bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetick ſounds?
Say, does your humble admiration chuſe
The gentle prattle of her Comick Muſe,
While wits, plaindealers, ſops, and fools, appear,
Charg'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your ſympathizing hearts
Won by her Tragick ſcenes' romantick arts,
Where old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
And heroes never but for love expire?

No: tho' the charms of novelty a while
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,

Yet not for you deſign'd indulgent Fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate;
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope miſleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtſhip would an audience deign,
Or thoſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife
Chuſe for the model of domeſtick life,
Or if one youth of all that gen'rous band,
The ſtrength and ſplendour of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old Freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying ſmiles Oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.
O bleſt at home with juſtly envy'd laws!
O long the chiefs of Europe's gen'ral cauſe!
Whom Heav'n hath choſen at each dang'rous hour
To check the inroads of barbarick Pow'r,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the ſocial world from bonds and ſhame,
Oh! let not Luxury's fantaſtick charms
Thus give the lie to your heroick arms,
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Diſhoneſt leſſons from that vaunting race
Whom Fate's dread laws, (for in eternal Fate
Deſpotick Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
Whom in each warlike each commercial part,
In civil counſel and in pleaſing art,

The Judge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppoſe.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

Thou ſilent Pow'r! whoſe welcome ſway
Charms ev'ry anxious thought away,
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And Grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound,
Oh whither haſt thou flown, indulgent God!
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo! Midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main,
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep;
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bow'rs,
No wakeful ſound the moonlight valley knows
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy pow'r in vain!
Deſcend propitious on my eyes,
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies;
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murd'rer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt;
Far be their guilty nights and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent
For chiefs and heroes only meant.
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcu'd people's glad applauſe,
The liſt'ning ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of Timoleon's* tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for Fortune's private ways,
And tho' they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantick thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I aſk not, god of Dreams! thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentiments fair:

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius the people on every important deliberation went for him into the publick aſſembly, aſked his advice, and acted according to it. *Plut.*

Nor roſy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorc'rer's fatal hand
Should round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie:
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile,
(A lighter phantom and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus! on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age
When in prophetick dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heav'nly page;
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures by his art explor'd
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOO.

I.

O Ruſtick herald of the ſpring!
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing,
And ſtudious of thy homely tale

Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chanting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade,
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter poet of the ſhade
Thus thought I, thus the ſons of Care
Some conſtant youth or gen'rous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove
"It ill beſeems a Cuckoo's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove."—
Alas! how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſt,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How Cuckoolike in Cupid's ſchool
With ſtore of grave prudential ſaws
On Fortune's pow'r and Cuſtom's laws
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle Train!
Whom love, and hope, and fancy, ſway,
Who ev'ry harſher care diſdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that in April's faireſt hours
To warbling ſhades and painted flow'rs
The Cuckoo joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND,

In the Country, 1750.

I. 1.

How oft' ſhall I ſurvey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood ſhade,
The vale with ſheaves o'erſpread,
The glaſſy brook, the flocks which round thee ſtray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of theſe have utter'd all her dear eſteem?
Or tell me doſt thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilſome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leiſure which thou hadſt reſign'd?

I. 2.

Alas! ye happy hours
When books and youthful ſport the ſoul could ſhare
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her ſimpler pow'rs,

Oft' as your winged train
Reviſit here my friend in white array
Oh! fail not to diſplay
Each fairer ſcene where I perchance had part
That ſo his gen'rous heart
Th' abode of even Friendſhip may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loſs to come
I ſaw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet aſcending to another home
Where publick Praiſe and envy'd Greatneſs dwell.
But ſhall we therefore, O my Lyre!
Reprove Ambition's beſt deſire,
Extinguiſh Glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk enjoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſign'd,
Far other faith belongs to Friendſhip's honour'd name.

II. 1.

Thee Townſhend! not the arms
Of ſlumb'ring Eaſe nor Pleaſure's roſy chain
Were deſtin'd to detain;
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muſe's charms.
For them high Heav'n prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſhell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears,

II. 2

Had this been born to ſhield
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that like Vere diſplay'd
His Redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
Of harmony ſelected minds t' inſpire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd whom Envy ſways
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue control
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary Age a ſtrict account will claim [crown'd.
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heav'n expects thee, nor the traveller leads
Thro' flow'rs or fragrant meads
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of Fate

To nobler virtues wed ſeverer cares.
Is there a man who ſhares
The ſummit next where heav'nly natures dwell?
Aſk him (for he can tell)
What ſtorms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye Heroes! who of old
Did gen'rous England Freedom's throne ordain
From Alfred's parent reign
To Naſſau, great deliv'rer wiſe and bold!
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry ſeas,
The night eſtrang'd from eaſe,
The day by cowardice and falſehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
Th' indignant heart diſdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which Envy hardly grants. But, O renown!
O praiſe from judging Heav'n and virtuous men
If thus they purchas'd thy divineſt crown
Say, who ſhall heſitate or who complain?
And now they ſit on thrones above,
And when among the gods they move
Before the ſovran Mind,
"Lo! theſe," he ſaith, "Lo! theſe are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal ſway
"From violence and fear aſſerted humankind."

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell,
If I may aught foretel
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards with undiscerning praise
More glitt'ring trophies raise,
But wisest Heav'n what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love;
What save wide blessings or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to th' embattled field
Shall these achievments of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valour or the songs of conquest yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way
Thro' Naseby's firm array
To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose
When the proud force of Strafford he controll'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?

Let Ireland's loud lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let menac'd London, tell
How impious Guile made Wisdom base,
How gen'rous Zeal to cruel Rage gave place,
And how unblest'd he liv'd and how dishonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung,
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for musick's pleasing labour chuse.
And sure when Nature kind
Hath deck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but virtue, nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize:
There Somers fix'd his name,
Enroll'd the next to William; there shall Time
To ev'ry wond'ring clime
Point out that Somers who from Faction's crowd,
The fiand'rous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest rev'rence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or ſocial arts acquire,
Nor this majeſtick weal of Albion's land
Did aught accompliſh or to aught aſpire
Without his guidance, his ſuperiour hand.
And rightly ſhall the Muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever ſage or poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muſe was never foreign to his breaſt;
On Pow'r's grave ſeat conſeſt
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear:
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, ev'n now th' unfading groves
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear th' enchanted echoes round
Thro' fartheſt heav'n reſound
Wiſe Somers! guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muſes' pow'rful art
Exalt th' ingenuous heart
And brighten ev'ry form of juſt and true:

They lend a nobler ſway
To civil Wiſdom than Corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure;
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the faireſt colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townſhend! thus may Time, the judge ſevere,
Inſtruct my happy tongue of thee to tell,
And when I ſpeak of one to freedom dear
For planning wiſely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by lib'ral means alone
Hath lib'ral ends purſu'd,
Then for the guerdon of my lay
"This man with faithful friendſhip," will I ſay,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

Of all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in Fortune's maze
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial private end
Such rev'rence to the publick bears,
Nor any paſſion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's ſelf appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight
Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More than on virtue praiſe depends,
To which of courſe its real price
The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
From the ſole perfect Judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage, hath taught;

VI.

With which in character the ſame,
Tho' in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame
The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO W. HALL, ESQ. WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre
While fluent as the ſkylark ſings
When firſt the morn allures its wings
The epicure his theme purſues,
And tell me if among the choir
Whoſe muſick charms the banks of Seine
So full, ſo free, ſo rich, a ſtrain
Her dictated the warbling Muſe.

II.

Yet, Hall! while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-diſſembled art
That can ſuch harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallick rhymes,
While wit from affectation clear
Bright images and paſſions true
Recall to thy aſſenting view
The envy'd bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft' his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of Pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say, (her ſweet influence to thy ſong

So may the goddeſs ſtill afford)
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantick wine?

IV.

Nor Cato nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe,
But Pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult attentive, not ſevere.
O Pleaſure! we blaſpheme not thee,
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoick throne.

V.

We own had Fate to man aſſign'd
Nor ſenſe nor wiſh but what obey
Or Venus ſoft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Moſt aptly govern humankind,
Unleſs perchance what he hath ſung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unſtrung
Some wrangling heretick ſhould plead.

VI.

But now with all theſe proud deſires
For dauntleſs truth and honeſt fame,
With that ſtrong maſter of our frame
Th' inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas! ye fires
Of love! alas! ye roſy ſmiles!

Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils!
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

On the late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works, 1751.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards! to restrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by prose or song;
A task for more Herculean pow'rs,
Nor suited to the sacred hours
Of leisure in the Muses' bow'rs.

II.

In bow'rs where laurel weds with palm
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides,
Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides,
While shut for ever from her gate
Oft' trying still repining wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would step one moment forth to heed
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?

No; rather Spenſer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was ev'ry bard
When lately in th' Elyſian grove
They of his Muſe's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above,
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of Wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the ſordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd,
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful Clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Tho' liſt'ning realms admir'd around:

Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip, having been introduced forſooth at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy, a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs: at the ſame time in his intercourſe with them he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his Lordſhip can have no doubt if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen, a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatirick line
Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:
How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakeſpeare debonnair and mild
Brought that ſtrange Comment forth to view;
"Conceits more deep," he ſaid and ſmil'd,
"Than his own fools or madmen knew;"
But thank'd a gen'rous friend above
Who did with free advent'rous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope in equal need
The ſame kind office thou wouldſt pay,
Then, Edwards! all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auſpicious name
From each abſurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE VIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH, 1751*.

I.

THE men renow'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counſels or in arms,
Have ſeldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chaſe
To dwell with books or court the Muſe's charms:
Yet to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good,
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien
As on Pharſalian plains or by th' Aſſyrian flood.

* In the year 1751 appeared a very ſplendid edition in 4to of *Memoires pour ſervir a l'Hiſtoire de la Maiſon de Brandeburg, a Berlin et la Haye*, with a privilege ſigned *Frederick*, the ſame being engraved in imitation of handwriting. In this edition among other extraordinary paſſages are the two following, to which the third ſtanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il ſe fit une migration [the author is ſpeaking "of what happened of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz] "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'hiſtoire: un "peuple entier ſortit du royaume par l'eſprit de parti en haine "du pape, et pour recevoir ſous un autre ciel la communion "ſous les deux eſpeces: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrie- "rent ainſi et abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner "dans d'autres temples les vieux pſeaumes de Clement Marot."

Page 242.] "La crainte donna le jour a la credulite, et l'a- "mour propre intereſſa bientot le ciel au deſtin des hommes."

II.

Say thou too, Fred'rick! was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp engage
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irrev'rent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with publick zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn?
Why are the woes which virtuous men have borne
For ſacred Truth a prey to Laughter giv'n
What fiend, what foe of Nature, urg'd thy arm
Th' Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm,
To puſh this earth adrift and leave it looſe from [heav'n?

IV.

Ye godlike Shades of legiſlators old!
Ye who made Rome victorious Athens wiſe!
Ye firſt of mortals, with the bleſt enroll'd!
Say, did not horrour in your boſoms riſe
When thus by impious Vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld

Affronting civil Order's holieſt bands,
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labour'd to improve,
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above [mands?
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine com-

ODE IX.

TO THE RIGHT REV. BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, 1754.

I. 1.

For toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treaſon quell'd and laws ſecur'd,
In ev'ry nation Time diſplays
The palm of honourable praiſe.
Envy may rail and Faction fierce
May ſtrive; but what, alas! can thoſe
(Tho' bold yet blind and ſordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful ſtory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O Nurſe of freedom, Albion! ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotick ſway,
What man among thy ſons around
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page in all thy annals bright
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth by Hoadley's aid
Shines thro' impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Thro' kingly and thro' ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſt
Who ſent religion from the palmy field
By Jordan like the morn to cheer the weſt, [ceal'd,
And lifted up the veil which Heav'n from earth con-
To Hoadley thus his mandate he addreſt;
" Go thou and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
" From hands rapacious and from tongues impure;
" Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
" Fell Perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid,
" Let not my words be impious chains to draw
" The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
" To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by Heav'n with this command:
The world ſoon felt it; and on high
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadley's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame,
And Somers when from earth he came,
And gen'rous Stanhope, the fair ſequel told.

Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadley was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty, Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power, Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the Nonjuring clergy againſt the Proteſtant eſtabliſhment, and Lord

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſt'ning aſk'd and wond'ring knew
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd,
Could war with ſacred folly wage,
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age
And to new habits mould the publick mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword
Nor the ſtrong pow'rs to civil founders known
Were his, but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd
And ſocial ſenſe like ſeed in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft, the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal, the bigot's cruel ſhrine,
Could longer guard from Reaſon's warfare ſage;
Not the wild rabble to ſedition wrought,
Nor ſynods by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's ſpirit looſe nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where ſhall recompenſe be found,
Or how ſuch arduous merit crown'd?

Stanhope in 1721, during the controverſy with the lower houſe of Convocation.

For look on life's laborious ſcene
What rugged ſpaces lie between
Advent'rous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! the ſhade
Of death mean-time does oft' invade
Her progreſs, nor to us diſplay'd
Wears the bright heroine her expected ſpoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her pow'r:
—O Hoadley! if that fav'rite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own juſt Heav'n's indulgent law,
And proudly thy ſucceſs behold;
We attend thy rev'rend length of days
With benediction and with praiſe,
And hail thee in our publick ways
Like ſome great ſpirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy ſteps on earth, and when by us reſign'd
Thou join'ſt thy ſeniors, that heroick throng
Who reſcu'd or preſerv'd the rights of humankind,
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill her friend and benefactor name;
O! never, Hoadley! in thy country's eyes
May impious gold or pleaſure's gaudy prize
Make publick virtue publick freedom vile,

Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame, [guile. 90
Which thou haſt kept entire from force and factious

ODE X.

I.

If rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in Love's decrees
That beauty ought not to be try'd
But by its native pow'r to pleaſe,
Then tell me, Youths and Lovers! tell
What fair can Amoret excel? 6

II.

Behold that bright unſully'd ſmile,
And Wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien,
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe. 12

III.

But neither muſick nor the pow'rs
Of youth, and mirth, and frolick cheer,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,
As mem'ry brings it to the eye
From ſcenes where Amoret was by. 18

IV.

Yet not a ſatiriſt could there
Or fault or indiſcretion find,
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue pictur'd in his mind
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanour ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part,
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway,
This ſhall enchant the ſubject heart
When roſe and lily fade away,
And ſhe be ſtill in ſpite of time
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE XI.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy ſtray?
By what magick drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme,
From this philoſophick page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wand'ring thro' a pleaſing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind

Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour;
Nature bids a ſofter pow'r
Claim ſome minutes for his own.

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes,
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wiſhes as you will,
Without love you 'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me tho' no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care,
Tho' the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal Friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroick lyre;

V.

Tho' the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known
Or in ſocial duty ſpent,
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt,
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE XII.

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND, 1758.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her ſhore
Who from the warriour-bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
Or with firm hand the rapid poleaxe bore?
Freeman and Soldier was their common name
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe,
Who taught the ſteer the wintry plough t' endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching pow'r,
And gave the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loit'ring ſons
To Tiber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine,
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones,
And cities looking on the Cimbrick main,
Ye loſt, ye ſelf-deſerted! whoſe proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and giv'n you ſwords
To ſlaviſh ruffians hir'd for their command:
Theſe at ſome greedy monk's or harlot's nod
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod;
Theſe are the publick will, the reaſon of the land.

III.

Thou, heedleſs Albion! what, alas! the while
Doſt thou preſume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how doſt thou beguile
With dreams of hope theſe near and loud alarms?
Thy ſplendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praiſe and envy of the nations round,
What care haſt thou to guard from Fortune's ſway?
Amid the ſtorms of war how ſoon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No; thou art rich, thy ſtreams and fertile vales
Add induſtry's wiſe gifts to Nature's ſtore,
And ev'ry port is crowded with thy ſails,
And ev'ry wave throws treaſure on thy ſhore.
What boots it? if luxurious plenty charm
Thy ſelfiſh heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Thoſe gifts, that treaſure, is no longer thine.
Oh! rather far be poor. Thy gold will ſhine
Tempting the eye of Force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd ſublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canſt ſee
With ſcorn the fury of each hoſtile clime

Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand.—
Yet ſay, my Country! will the waves and wind
Obey thee? haſt thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith the pilot's wav'ring hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor ſtronger love
(Love by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee laſt of many wretched nations move
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then farewell the claims
Of Freedom! her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an off'ring at Ambition's ſhrine,
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If lib'ral laws with lib'ral hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt and from ſervile ſhame
In war's glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains!
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains!
Now not unequal to your birth be found;
The publick voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait, [around.
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains:
With partial labours with domeſtick gains
Let others dwell: to you indulgent Heav'n
By counſel and by arms the publick cauſe
To ſerve for publick love and love's applauſe,
The firſt employment far, the nobleſt hire, hath giv'n.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attick chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread gen'rals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian ſons? the Scipios? matchleſs line!
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright Eagles flew;
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd,
The conq'rors to their houſehold gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antick age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroick arts no more engage
The unbought hand the unſubjected mind?

Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming Nature now her ſons inſpire,
That like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield, [tire?
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts re-

XI.

O ſhame to human life to human laws!
The looſe advent'rer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe god whoſe country is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn,
Can ev'ry palm which decks a warriour earn,
And ev'ry pledge of conqueſt, while in vain
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands!
Too arduous is the lore, too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Mean-time by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray,
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice, and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend,
While he doth Riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft' your anxious tongues complain
That lawleſs tumult prompts the ruſtick throng,
That the rude village inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other parts their ductile will,
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and Heav'n's due rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate, and impotent ſedition's crime?
The pow'rs of warlike prudence dwell not there,
The pow'rs who to command and to obey
Inſtruct the valiant. Here would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame,
Oft' let the marſhall'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendour bring before their ſight
One common cauſe and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd nor yet your taſk diſown
Tho' war's proud votaries look on ſevere,
Tho' ſecrets taught erewhile to them alone
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear:

Let them in vain your martial hope to quell
Of new refinements fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity in vain:
To the time's warfare ſimple or refin'd
The time itſelf adapts the warriour's mind,
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then, if England's youth in earlier days
On Glory's field with well train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that gen'rous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Tho' Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd;
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won,
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt.
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to ev'ry ſon,
No nobler holier call to you addreſt?
O! by majeſtick Freedom, righteous Laws,
By heav'nly Truth's by manly Reaſon's cauſe,

Awake! attend! be indolent no more:
By Friendſhip, ſocial Peace, domeſtick Love,
Riſe! arm! your Country's living ſafety prove,
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE XIII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,

In the Country, 1758.

I.

Thy verdant ſcenes, O Goulder's Hill!
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt;
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft'-returning ill!
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale!
How gladly while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn
Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove!

III.

Now ere the morning walk is done
The diſtant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as Beauty's to the lover's ear:
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe cries;
" Here will I 'mid the radiant calm of noon
" Meet thee beneath yon' cheſtnut bow'r,
" And lenient on thy boſom pour
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and ſkies."

IV.

The goddeſs promis'd not in vain;
I found her at my fav'rite time,
Nor wiſh'd to breathe in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd half-ſlumb'ring as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me: then among her train
Of Nymphs and Zephirs to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
Then firſt, O heav'nly Muſe! unſeen for many a day.

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of Love:
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move,
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd.
New ſunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things,
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goulder's Hill! by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of Glory ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp, ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs ambitious lay
Of friendſhip and of love to greet thy maſter's ear:

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry Town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure, where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all th' intangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays
Thro' Nature's ſimple paths with ancient Faith might [roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white wing'd Hours
Oft' from th' Athenian Academick bow'rs
Their ſages came, oft' heard our ling'ring walk,
The Mantuan muſick warbling o'er the green,
And oft' did Tully's rev'rend ſhade,
Tho' much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other gueſts were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove,
Ev'n the celeſtial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus! with her allſubduing ſon,
Whoſe golden ſhaft moſt willingly obey
The beſt and wiſeſt. As they came
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And ſang their happy gifts and prais'd their ſpotleſs throne.

X.

I ſaw when thro' yon' feſtive gate
He led along his choſen maid,
And to my friend with ſmiles preſenting ſaid;
" Receive that faireſt wealth which Heav'n aſſign'd
" To human fortune. Did thy lonely ſtate
" One wiſh, one utmoſt hope, confeſs?
" Behold! ſhe comes t' adorn and bleſs;
" Comes worthy of thy heart and equal to thy mind."

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

Away! away!
Tempt me no more inſidious Love!
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:

At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dearbought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas! to me?
How often to myſelf unknown
The graceful, gentle, virtuous, maid
Have I admir'd! how often ſaid
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

III.

But, flattering God!
O ſquand'rer of content and eaſe!
In thy abode
Will Care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
O ſay, Deceiver! haſt thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTICK MANNERS. [UNFINISHED.]

I.

Meek Honour, female ſhame,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offspring of the ſky!
From Albion doſt thou fly,
Of Albion's daughters once the fav'rite fame?

O Beauty's only friend!
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing rev'rence to inſpire,
Who ſelfiſh bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn,
Alas! of thee forlorn
What joy, what praiſe, what hope, can life pretend?

II.

Behold! our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs inquire;
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain,
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive as they move along
Aſk homage of the throng;
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelfſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold! unbleſs'd at home
The father of the cheerleſs houſehold mourns;
The night in vain returns,
For Love and glad Content at diſtance roam,
While ſhe in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares
Thro' noiſe, and ſpleen, and all the gameſter's art,
A liſtleſs harraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus along the ſhore
Of Thames Britannia's guardian Genius heard
From many a tongue preferr'd
Of ſtrife and grief the fond invective lore,
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near
Smote the Redcroſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd,
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * * * * * * *

END OF BOOK SECOND.

MISCELLANIES.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO *.

THRICE has the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
And the fourth winter riſes on thy ſhame
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive ſhell
In ſounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell,
Bleſt could my ſkill thro' ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before
With praiſe with triumph crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man whoſe faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate,

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed rank and parts. Being profuſely extravagant he ſoon diſſipated a ſplendid fortune, to ſupply the want of which he entered into the deſigns of Cæſar againſt the liberties of his country, altho' he had formerly been a profeſſed enemy to him. Cicero, to whoſe care he had been committed upon his firſt entrance into the Forum, exerted himſelf to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the firſt victims in the Civil war. This Epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in the 1744, when a celebrated patriot was ſuppoſed to have deſerted the cauſe of his country. The Author afterwards transformed it into the Ode to Curio, "a performance diſgraceful only to its Author," ſays a celebrated writer. The Epiſtle, which is too curious to be omitted, we here give in its origiual form. The Ode is printed p. 31. of this volume.

If ev'ry tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And wellearn'd laurels ev'ry Muſe beſtow'd,
If publick juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And Freedom ſmil'd on the devoted bard,
Say then, to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's gen'rous hopes in duſt,
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of pow'r,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs hour,
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And publick juſtice ſanctify th' award,
And Freedom's hand protect th' impartial bard?
Yet, long reluctant, I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimm'ring ſpark with anxious eyes,
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe;
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears,
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt,
Calm as the judge of Truth at length I come
To weigh thy merits and pronounce thy doom;
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree!
There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe,
That thro' the pageants of a patriot's name
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim,

Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The publick thunder on a private foe;
But I, whoſe ſoul conſented to thy cauſe,
Who felt thy genius ſtamp its own applauſe,
Who ſaw the ſpirits of each glorious age
Move in thy boſom and direct thy rage,
I ſcorn'd th' ungen'rous gloſs of ſlaviſh minds,
The owley'd race whom Virtue's luſtre blinds:
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy end was juſt and free,
And yet, ev'n yet believe it—ſpite of thee;
Ev'n tho' thy mouth impure has dar'd diſclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of ſhame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd,
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the ſhow,
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe,
Has boaſted in thy country's awful ear
Her groſs deluſion when ſhe held thee dear,
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and truſted all.—
Riſe from your ſad abodes ye curſt of old
For law-ſubverted and for cities ſold!
Paint all the nobleſt trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd and the blood you ſpilt;
Yet muſt you one untempted vileneſs own,
One dreadful palm reſerv'd for him alone;

With ſtudy'd arts his country's praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew!
Do robes of ſtate the guarded heart encloſe
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles ſtun th' enchanted ear
To all that reaſon all that ſenſe would hear?
Elſe couldſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred poſt,
In ſuch unthankful baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe couldſt thou wed the emptineſs of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who loud for liberty and laws
In doubtful times had fought their country's cauſe,
When now of conqueſt and dominion ſure
They ſought alone to hold their fruits ſecure,
When taught by theſe Oppreſſion hid the face
To leave Corruption ſtronger in her place,
By ſilent ſpells to work the publick fate,
And taint the vitals of the paſſive ſtate,
Till healing Wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poiſon'd ſhore,
Then like ſome guardian god that flies to ſave
The weary pilgrim from an inſtant grave,
Whom ſleeping and ſecure the guileful ſnake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake,
Then Curio roſe, toward the publick wo
To wake the heedleſs and incite the ſlow,

Againſt Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell th' enchantreſs by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew:
Thee patriot the Patrician roof conſeſt;
Thy pow'rful voice the reſcu'd merchant bleſt;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth reſounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
Touch'd in the ſighing ſhade with manlier fires
To trace thy ſteps the loveſick youth aſpires;
The learn'd recluſe who oft' amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to ſhare in ſuch forgotten fame;
And he who ſcorning courts and courtly ways
Left the tame track of theſe dejected days
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues ſacred from a monarch's view,
Rous'd by thy labours from the bleſs'd retreat
Where ſocial eaſe and publick paſſions meet,
Again aſcending treads the civil ſcene,
To act and be a man as thou hadſt been.
Thus by degrees thy cauſe ſuperiour grew,
And the great end appear'd at laſt in view;
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We ſaw the ſenate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hail'd th' approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain,

While venal Faction ſtruck with new diſmay
Shrunk at their frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the ſhock the Publick Genius roſe
Abaſh'd and keener from his long repoſe;
Sublime in ancient pride he rais'd the ſpear
Which ſlaves and tyrants long were wont to fear:
The City felt his call; from man to man,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, the glorious horrour ran;
Each crowded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his pow'r,
And murm'ring challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at laſt appears,
The hour of ev'ry freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannick rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they rowl,
And guide each movement ſteady to the goal.
Ye Spirits! by whoſe providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy and his paſſions bind!
Ye Shades immortal! who by Freedom led
Or in the field or on the ſcaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh;
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The ſword ſubmitted and the laws her own;
See publick Pow'r chaſtis'd beneath her ſtands,
With eyes intent and uncorrupted hands!

See private life by wiſeſt arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to nobleſt manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was ſought by you
If Curio, only Curio, will be true.
'Twas then—O ſhame! O truſt how ill repaid!
O Latium! oft' by faithleſs ſons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reaſon ſtole?
What ſpells unſinew'd thy determin'd ſoul?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cauſe approv'd,
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd,
This patient ſlave by tinſel chains allur'd,
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd,
This Curio, hated and deſpis'd by all,
Who ſell himſelf to work his country's fall?
O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
Unknown, unpity'd, in the worſt of woes!
With all that conſcious undiſſembled pride
Sold to the inſults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame
Doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame!
The ſole ſad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a ſtateſman's dull exploded part,
Renounce the praiſe no longer in thy pow'r,
Diſplay thy virtue tho' without a dow'r,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And ſhut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans! that I bear to ſmile
When ſhameleſs mouths your majeſty defile,

Paint you a thoughtleſs, frantick, headlong, crew,
And caſt their own impieties on you:
For witneſs Freedom! to whoſe ſacred pow'r
My ſoul was vow'd from reaſon's earlieſt hour,
How have I ſtood exulting to ſurvey
My country's virtues op'ning in thy ray!
How with the ſons of ev'ry foreign ſhore
The more I match'd them honour'd her's the more!
O Race erect! whoſe native ſtrength of ſoul
Which kings, nor prieſts, nor ſordid laws, control,
Burſts the tame round of animal affairs,
And ſeeks a nobler centre for its cares,
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end,
Who bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conſcious reaſon judging ev'ry ſtate,
The man forget not tho' in rags he lies,
And know the mortal thro' a crown's diſguiſe,
Thence prompt alike with witty ſcorn to view
Faſtidious Grandeur lift his ſolemn brow,
Or all awake at Pity's ſoft command
Bend the mild ear and ſtretch the gracious hand,
Thence large of heart from envy far remov'd,
When publick toils to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted ſire,
Yet high and jealous of their freeborn name
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,

Where'er Oppreſſion works her wanton ſway
Proud to confront and dreadful to repay;
But if to purchaſe Curio's ſage applauſe
My country muſt with him renounce her cauſe,
Quit with a ſlave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee and kiſs the regal rod,
Then ſtill, ye Pow'rs! inſtruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal nor let his ſubject fail,
Elſe ere he change the ſtyle bear me away
To where the Gracchi where the Bruti* ſtay!
O long rever'd and late reſign'd to ſhame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim,
When the loud cares of buſ'neſs are withdrawn,
Nor welldreſt beggars round thy footſteps fawn,
In that ſtill thoughtful ſolitary hour
When Truth exerts her unreſiſted pow'r,
Breaks the falſe opticks ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breaſt and lays the paſſions bare,
Then turn thy eyes on that important ſcene,
And aſk thyſelf—if all be well within?
Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of ſoul
Which labour could not ſtop nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the ſtamp of awe,
Which half-abaſh'd the proud and venal ſaw?

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, left their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give ſtability and good order to the Roman republick. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

Where the calm triumphs of an honeſt cauſe?
Where the delightful taſte of juſt applauſe?
Where the ſtrong reaſon, the commanding tongue,
On which the Senate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold!—and in their room,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep diſtracted gloom,
See the pale form of barb'rous Grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorc'rer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led,
At her polluted ſhrine thy honour bled;
With blaſted weeds thy awful brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy pow'rful tongue with poiſon'd philters bound,
That baffled Reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair Perſuaſion from her ſeat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth ſupports thy cauſe,
No longer Glory prompts thee to applauſe;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty confeſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes th' almighty flame
To rouſe the feeble and the wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes rowl
Spreads the ſtrong blaze and all involves the ſoul;
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Soon the ſad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot thro' thy breaſt and ſtab the gen'rous birth,

Till blind with ſmart from truth to frenzy toſt,
And all the tenour of thy reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear,
While ſome with pity ſome with laughter hear.
—Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy Man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles and thy robes reſign;
For ſee the hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy ariſe
Dark as the grave and ſpacious as the ſkies,
Where from the firſt of time thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of th' unjuſt, remain!
Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road
To warn the wand'rer of the curs'd abode,
But prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky
The heights ſurmounted down the ſteep they fly.
There black with frowns relentleſs Time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates,
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims,
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards beſtow'd,

Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey,
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where ever arm'd with adamantine chains
The watchful demon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant pow'rs of luſt,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt*;
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſs'd ears,
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid,
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns enſlav'd and continents laid waſte,
But long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrours not their own,
For ever thro' the trembling ſpace reſound,
And ſink each impious forehead to the ground.
  Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Reſt
Give way; do homage to a mightier gueſt!
Ye daring Spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudeſt claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name fierce Appius† riſing bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:

* Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men.

† Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted toeſtabliſh a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both periſhed by the treaſon.

" He comes," they cry, " to whom the Fates aſſign'd
" With ſurer arts to work what we deſign'd,
" From year to year the ſtubborn herd to ſway,
" Mouth all their wrongs and all their rage obey,
" Till own'd their guide and truſted with their pow'r
" He mock'd their hopes in one deciſive hour,
" Then tir'd and yielding led them to the chain,
" And quench'd the ſpirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme! by whoſe eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroick empire ſtands,
Whoſe thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's ſoul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay,
Relume her ſacred fire ſo near ſuppreſt,
And fix her ſhrine in ev'ry Roman breaſt.
Tho' bold Corruption boaſt around the land
" Let Virtue if ſhe can my baits withſtand!"
Tho' bolder now ſhe urge th' accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame,
Yet ſome there are who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth.
—O Friend and Father of the human mind,
Whoſe art for nobleſt ends our frame deſign'd!
If I, tho' fated to the ſtudious ſhade,
Which party-ſtrife nor anxious pow'r invade,
If I aſpire in publick virtue's cauſe
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer laws,

Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart:
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame,
And ſnatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps by worthy thoughts of humankind
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind,
Or daſh Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

Too much my heart of Beauty's pow'r hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reaſon left her throne,
Too long my Genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth conſum'd in vain.
My wiſhes lull'd with ſoft inglorious dreams
Forgot the patriot's and the ſage's themes;
Thro' each Elyſian vale and Fairy grove,
Thro' all th' enchanted paradiſe of Love,
Miſled by fickly Hope's deceitful flame,
Averſe to action, and renouncing fame.
  At laſt the viſionary ſcenes decay,
My eyes exulting bleſs the newborn day
Whoſe faithful beams detect the dang'rous road
In which my heedleſs feet ſecurely trod,
And ſtrip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my ſoul from Wiſdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with flow'rs,
For mossy couches and harmonious bow'rs,
Lo! barren heaths appear and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath-disarming wiles,
Lo! sullen Spite and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride and crueller Disdain;
Lo! cordial Faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil now transporting kind;
For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks,
And dull Half-sense for Wit and Wisdom talks:
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence but by getting known,
And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of Terrour, Scorn, and Hate!
See burning Fury heav'n and earth defy!
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!
And fond Belief with all a lover's flame
Sinks in those arms that points his head with shame!
There wan Dejection falt'ring as he goes,
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose,
Musing thro' pathless wilds consumes the day,
Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.

Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre and others urge the dance;
On ev'ry head the roſy garland glows,
In ev'ry hand the golden goblet flows,
The Siren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at baſhful Virtue as ſhe flies.
But ſee behind where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonſtrance and the witty ſneer;
See fell Remorſe in action prompt to dart
Her ſnaky poiſon thro' the conſcious heart!
And Sloth to cancel with oblivious ſhame
The fair memorial of recording Faine!
Are theſe delights that one would wiſh to gain?
Is this th' Elyſium of a ſober brain?
To wait for happineſs in female ſmiles,
Bear all her ſcorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With pray'rs, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bleſs her hard bonds, and boaſt to be her ſlave,
To feel for trifles a diſtracting train
Of hopes and terrours equally in vain,
This hour to tremble and the next to glow?
Can Pride, can Senſe, can Reaſon, ſtoop ſo low,
When Virtue at an eaſier price diſplays
The ſacred wreaths of honourable praiſe,
When Wiſdom utters her divine decree
To laugh at pompous Folly and be free?
I bid adieu then to theſe woful ſcenes,
I bid adieu to all the ſex of queens;

Adieu to ev'ry ſuff'ring ſimple ſoul
That lets a woman's will his eaſe control.
There laugh ye Witty! and rebuke ye Grave!
For me I ſcorn to boaſt that I 'm a ſlave;
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone:
Joy to my heart! my wiſhes are my own.
Farewell the female heav'n the female hell,
To the great god of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are theſe the ſplendid hopes that urg'd thy aim
When firſt my boſom own'd thy haughty ſway,
When thus Minerva heard thee boaſting ſay,
" Go, martial Maid! elſewhere thy arts employ,
" Nor hope to ſhelter that devoted boy;
" Go teach the ſolemn ſons of Care and Age,
" The penſive ſtateſmen and the midnight ſage;
" The young with me muſt other leſſons prove,
" Youth calls for Pleaſure, Pleaſure calls for Love;
" Behold his heart thy grave advice diſdains,
" Behold I bind him in eternal chains!"
Ala! great Love, how idle was the boaſt!
Thy chains are broken and thy leſſons loſt;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my ſuff'ring heart,
And paſſion reaſon, forc'd thee to depart.
But wherefore doſt thou linger on thy way,
Why vainly ſearch for ſome pretence to ſtay
When crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke
And countleſs victims bow them to the ſtroke?

Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance
Each longs t' aſſert thy cauſe with feats of arms,
And make the world confeſs Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thouſand girls with flow'ry chaplets crown'd
To groves and ſtreams thy tender triumph ſound,
Each bids the ſtream in murmurs ſpeak her flame,
Each calls the grove to ſigh her ſhepherd's name:
But if thy pride ſuch eaſy honours ſcorn,
If nobler trophies muſt thy toil adorn,
Behold yon' flow'ry antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd,
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her froſty cheek with crimſon bluſhes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
Turn then thy labours to the ſervile crowd,
Entice the wary and control the proud,
Make the ſad miſer his beſt gains forego,
The ſolemn ſtateſman ſigh to be a beau,
The bold coquette with fondeſt paſſion burn,
The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn,
And that chief glory of thy pow'r maintain
"To poiſe ambition in a female brain."
Be theſe thy triumphs, but no more preſume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room:
I know thy puny force thy ſimple wiles,
I break triumphant thro' thy flimſy toils:

I ſee thy dying lamp's laſt languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted and unbrac'd thy bow;
I feel diviner fires my breaſt inflame
To active ſcience and ingenuous fame,
Reſume the paths my earlieſt choice began,
And loſe with pride the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPICK,

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR, 1738.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts? and whither would the Muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts: at that ſacred call
She ſummons all her ardour, throws aſide
The trembling lyre, and with the warriour's trump
She means to thunder in each Britiſh ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of publick virtue, yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouſe the gen'rous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit ev'ry breaſt,
And fire each Britiſh heart with Britiſh wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! What influence now
Can the Muſe boaſt? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, gen'rous, warm, and brave,

So frequent wont from tyranny and wo
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where indeed
If that protection once to ſtrangers giv'n
Be now withheld from ſons! each nobler thought
That warm'd our ſires is loſt and bury'd now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I 'll try;
I 'll aim to ſhake this vile degen'rate ſloth,
I 'll dare to rouſe Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A gen'rous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various pow'rs of forceful Speech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport!
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard,
Th' arouſing thunder of the patriot Greek,
The ſoft perſuaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe,
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme, for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need theſe?
My country's fame, my freeborn Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more ſhould lazy Luxury detain

Our ardent youth, no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The pray'rs, ſighs, groans, (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons with oppreſſion ſunk
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain their dear native land,
The land of Liberty, ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs, the land ſo often dy'd
With her beſt blood, for that arouſing cauſe
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great th' immortal day
When reſcu'd Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies, when their coward bands
Fled like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain?
Are theſe our lords? and can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft' vanquiſh'd thus defy her pow'r,
Inſult her ſtandard and enſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred, that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes

Turn ye degen'rate! who with haughty boaſt
Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: there on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey,
There mark your num'rous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable w[illegible],
The mangled limb, the faint the death ful eye,
With famine ſunk, the deep-heart burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food
Refus'd by dogs; and oh the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thund'ring worſe damnation on their ſouls,
While that pale form in all the pangs of death
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance and ſuperiour ſcorn
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I'm all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong
Or Britain tamely bore it.—
Deſcend ye guardian Heroes of the land!

Scourges of Spain deſcend! behold your ſons,
See how they run the ſame heroick race,
How prompt how ardent in their country's cauſe,
How greatly proud t' aſſert their Britiſh blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to Heav'n ye did not rather ſee
How dead to virtue in the publick cauſe,
How cold, how careleſs, how to glory deaf,
They ſhame your laurels and belie their birth!
Come ye great Spirits, Cav'ndiſh, Rawleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name, your country's pride,
Oh come! diſperſe theſe lazy fumes of ſloth,
Teach Britiſh hearts with Britiſh fires to glow;
In wak'ning whiſpers rouſe our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious ſcenes of rightful war
In all its ſplendours; to their ſwelling ſouls
Say how ye bow'd th' inſulting Spaniards' pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their proſtrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death in all its frightful ſhapes
Could damp your ſouls or ſhake the great reſolve
For right and Britain; then diſplay the joys
The patriot's ſoul exalting while he views
Tranſported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil ſacred rights;
(How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others' good!) the radiant thoughts

That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendour, then deſcend
Tho' to a lower yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his relicks paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave,
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens, and the wiſe and good
Of ev'ry land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wond'ring world
His num'rous triumphs blazon, while with awe,
With filial rev'rence, in his ſteps they tread,
And copying ev'ry virtue ev'ry fame
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And with unſparing hand make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here! Yet, Britons! are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no:
I ſee ye are not; ev'ry boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes. Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The Muſe, that ardent in her ſacred cauſe

Your glory queſtion'd; ſhe beholds with joy,
She owns, ſhe triumphs, in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See from her ſeabeat throne in awful march
Britannia tow'rs! upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtick nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhields, and terrible in arms
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear;
Loud at her foot the Britiſh Lion roars,
Frighting the nations: haughty Spain full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons! forth
Your country's daring champions; tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land,
You were not born for ſlaves: let all your deeds
Shew that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
T' aſſert their country's rights, avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of Juſtice on her foes.

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

MDCCXLVI.

The Argument.

The Nymphs who preſide over ſprings and rivulets are addreſſed at day-break in honour of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical deities or powers of Nature, according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets concerning the generation of the gods and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered as giving motion to the air and exciting ſummer breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fulneſs of navigable ri ers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce, and by that means to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe, which introduces their connexion with the art of phyſick, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal ſprings. Laſtly, they are celebrated for the friendſhip which the Muſes bear them, and for the true inſpiration which temperance only can receive, in oppoſition to the enthuſiaſm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eaſtern hill the Twilight pale
Walks forth from darkneſs, and the god of Day
With bright Aſtræa ſeated by his ſide
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs!
Ye Nymphs! ye blueey'd progeny of Thames!
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting ſteps, who all night long
Repeat amid the cool and tranquil air
Your lonely murmurs, tarry, and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due
I leave the gates of Sleep; nor ſhall my lyre

Too far into the ſplendid hours of Morn
Engage your audience; my obſervant hand
Shall cloſe the ſtrain ere any ſultry beam
Approach you: to your ſubterranean haunts
Ye then may timely ſteal, to pace with care
The humid ſands, to looſen from the ſoil
The bubbling ſources, to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels, or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch at height of noon
To ſlumber, ſhelter'd from the burning heav'n.
Where ſhall my ſong begin ye Nymphs! or end?
Wide is your praiſe and copious.—Firſt of things,
Firſt of the lonely pow'rs, ere Time aroſe,
Were Love and Chaos; Love the fire of Fate,

℣. 25. —— *Love—Elder than Chaos.*] Heſiod in his Theogony gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldeſt of beings, though he aſſigns to Love neither father nor ſuperiour, which circumſtance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus in Plato's Banquet as being obſervable not only in Heſiod but in all other writers both of verſe and proſe, and on the ſame occaſion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expreſsly ſtyled the eldeſt of all the gods. Yet Ariſtophanes, in The Birds, affirms that "Chaos and Night, and Erebus and "Tartarus, were firſt, and that Love was produced from an "egg which the ſable-winged Night depoſited in the immenſe "boſom of Erebus." But it muſt be obſerved that the Love deſigned by this comick poet was always diſtinguiſhed from the other, from that original and ſelfexiſtent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or ſecond perſon of the old Grecian trinity, to whom is inſcribed an hymn among thoſe which paſs under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the Firſt-begotten,

Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many ſons and many comely births

is ſaid to have been born of an egg, and is repreſented as the principal or origin of all theſe external appearances of Nature. In the Fragments of Orpheus collected by Henry Stephens he is named Phanes, the Diſcoverer or Diſcloſer, who unfolded the ideas of the Supreme Intelligence, and expoſed them to the perception of inferiour beings in this viſible frame of the world, as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the ſeveral paſſages of Orpheus which they have preſerved.

But the Love deſigned in our text is the one ſelfexiſtent and Infinite Mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologiſts have not introduced or truly deſcribed in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances, yet to a modern poet it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular, though in other reſpects he profeſſeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions; for in theſe great points of natural theology they differ no leſs remarkably among themſelves, and are perpetually confounding the philoſophical relations of things with the traditionary circumſtances of mythick hiſtory; upon which very account Callimachus in his Hymn to Jupiter declareth his diſſent from them concerning even an article of the national creed, adding that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautick poem aſcribed to Orpheus it is ſaid that "Love, whom mor-
"tals in later times call Phanes, was the father of the eter-
"nally begotten Night," who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets as being herſelf the parent of all things, and who in The Indigitamenta, or Orphick Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautick poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obſcure memory of Chaos, and the
"natures which it contained within itſelf in a ſtate of perpetual
"viciſſitude; how the heaven had its boundary determined;

Devour'd, relentleſs Father! till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper ſky,

" the generation of the earth, the depth of the ocean, and alſo " the ſapient Love, the moſt ancient, the ſelf-ſufficient, with all " the beings which he produced when he ſeparated one thing " from another." which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe in the firſt book of his Metaphyſicks than any of thoſe which he has there quoted to ſhew that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more ſober philoſophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the neceſſity of mind and reaſon to account for the connexion, motion, and good order of the world. For though neither this poem nor the hymns which paſs under the ſame name are, it ſhould ſeem, the work of the real Orpheus, yet beyond all queſtion they are very ancient. The hymns more particularly are allowed to be older than the invaſion of Greece by Xerxes, and were probably a ſet of publick and ſolemn forms of devotion, as appears by a paſſage in one of them, which Demoſthenes hath almoſt literally cited in his firſt oration againſt Ariſtogiton, as the ſaying of Orpheus, the founder of their moſt holy myſteries. On this account they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Heſiod himſelf not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble, and the myſterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impreſſion upon the mind, cannot be better expreſſed than in that remarkable deſcription with which they inſpired the German editor Ernſtius Ehlerbach when he accidentally met with them at Leipſick: "Theſaurum me reperiſſe credidi," ſays he, "et profecto theſaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo " me ſacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta iſta deorum: nam " et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar. quod vel ſo- " lum horrorem incutere animo poteſt, nocturnam. cum enim " totam diem conſumſerim in contemplando urbis ſplendore, " et in adeundis, quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris doctis; ſola nox " reſtabat, quam Orpheo conſecrare potui. In abyſſum quen- " dam myſteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis deſcendere vide-

And quell'd his deadly might. Then ſocial reign'd
The kindred pow'rs Tethys and rev'rend Ops,

" bar, quotieſcunque ſilente mundo, ſolis vigilantibus aſtris et " luna, *μελανηφάτας* iſtos hymnos ad manus ſumſi."

ver. 25. *Chaos.*] The unformed undigeſted maſs of Moſes and Plato, which Milton calls

" The womb of Nature."

Ibid. Love the fire of Fate.] Fate is the univerſal ſyſtem of natural cauſes, the work of the Omnipotent Mind or of Love; ſo Minucius Felix: " Quid enim aliud eſt fatum, quam quod de " unoquoque noſtrum deus fatus eſt." So alſo Cicero, in the firſt Book on Divination; " Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci " ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id eſt, ordinem ſeriemque cauſarum, cum " cauſa cauſæ nexa rem ex ſe gignat—ex quo intelligitur, ut " fatum ſit non id quod ſuperſtitioſe, ſed id quod phyſice dici- " tur cauſa æterna rerum." To the ſame purpoſe is the doctrine of Hierocles in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Deſtiny. As to the three Fates or Deſtinies of the poets, they repreſented that part of the general ſyſtem of natural cauſes which relate to man and to other mortal beings, for ſo we are told in the hymn addreſſed to them among the Orphick Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and contrary to the vulgar notion are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets of Gentle and Tenderhearted. According to Heſiod, *Theog.* ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis, but in the Orphick Hymn to Venus or Love that goddeſs is directly ſtyled the mother of Neceſſity, and is repreſented immediately after as governing the three Deſtinies, and conducting the whole ſyſtem of Natural cauſes.

ver. 26. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos. Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the ſon of Cœlum and Tellus; but the author of the Hymns gives it quite undiſguiſed by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the Earth and the ſtarry Heaven, that is of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

ver. 28. *Who many ſons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the diſſo-

And ſpotleſs Veſta, while ſupreme of ſway
Remain'd the Cloudcompeller. From the couch
Of Tethys ſprang the ſedgy-crowned race
Who from a thouſand urns o'er ev'ry clime
Send tribute to their parent; and from them
Are ye O Naiads! Arethuſa fair,

lution of natural bodies, which are produced and deſtroyed by Time.

ver. 28. *The child—Of Rhea.*] Jupiter ſo called by Pindar.

ver. 29. *Drove him from the upper ſky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn is recorded by all the mythologiſts. Phurnutus or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatiſe on the nature of the gods, informs us that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable ſoul of the world, which reſtrained and prevented thoſe uncertain alterations which Saturn or Time uſed formerly to cauſe in the mundane ſyſtem.

ver. 30. *Then ſocial reign'd*, &c.] Our mythology here ſuppoſeth that before the eſtabliſhment of the vital, vegetative, plaſtick nature, (repreſented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unſettled condition, but afterwards well diſpoſed, and at peace among themſelves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean, Ops or Rhea the earth, Veſta the eldeſt daughter of Saturn fire, and the Cloudcompeller, or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the air, though he alſo repreſented the plaſtick principle of nature, as may be ſeen in the Orphick hymn inſcribed to him.

ver. 34. *The ſedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods, who according to Heſiod's Theogony were the ſons of Oceanus and Tethys.

ver. 36. *From them—Are ye O Naiads!*] The deſcent of the Naiads is leſs certain than moſt points of the Greek mythology, Homer, *Odyſſ* xiii. κοῦραι Διός. Virgil in the eighth book of the Æneid ſpeaks as if the Nymphs or Naiads were the parents of the rivers, but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox ſyſtem which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand Callimachus, who was very learned in all the

And tuneful Aganippe, that ſweet name
Banduſia, that ſoft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne, and the honour'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæon. Liſten to my ſtrain
Daughters of Tethys! liſten to your praiſe.

You Nymphs! the winged offspring which of old
Aurora to divine Aſtræus bore
Owns, and your aid beſeecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion from his noontide throne
Unbends their languid pinions aid from you
They aſk; Favonius and the mild Southweſt
From you relief implore: your ſallying ſtreams

ſchool-divinity of thoſe times, in his Hymn to Delos maketh Peneus the great Theſſalian rivet-godthe father of his nymphs; and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally both by Ovid and Statius called by a patronymick, from the name of the river to which they belong.

℣. 40. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

Ibid. The tribes—Belov'd of Pæon.] Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Pæon was the phyſician of the gods.

℣. 43. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds, who according to Heſiod and Apollodorus were the ſons of Aſtræus and Aurora.

℣. 46. *Hyperion.*] A ſon of Coelum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called by Pindar Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the ſame manner as here, for the Sun himſelf.

℣. 40. *Your ſallying ſtreams.*] The ſtate of the atmoſphere with reſpect to reſt and motion is in ſeveral ways affected by rivers and running ſtreams, and that more eſpecially in hot ſeaſons; firſt, they deſtroy its equilibrium, by cooling thoſe

Freſh vigour to their weary wings impart;
Again they fly diſporting from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn
To ſweep the noxious mildew, or diſpel
Contagious ſteams, which oft' the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve
Along the river and the paved brook
Aſcend the cheerful breezes, hail'd of bards
Who ſatt by learned Cam th' Æolian lyre
Solicit, nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur all inclin'd
Or ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand
The rev'rend ſcene delineates, broken ſanes
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time, and haply while he ſcans
The ruins with a ſilent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too O Nymphs! and your unenvious aid,
The rural pow'rs confeſs, and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands
Oft' as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heav'ns, the Father of the Grove

parts of it with which they are in contact; and, ſecondly, they communicate their own motion; and the air which is thus moved by them being left heated is of conſequence more elaſtick than other parts of the atmoſphere, and therefore fitter to preſerve and to propagate that motion.

ver. 70. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo or the Sun, in the Orphick hymn inſcribed to him.

Commands, his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Rememb'reth how indulgent ye ſupply'd
Your genial dews to nurſe them in their prime.
  Pales, the Paſture's queen, where'er ye ſtray
Purſues your ſteps delighted, and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris with profuſeſt hand
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
Pomona ſeeks to dwell; and o'er the lawns
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours

℣. 79. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

℣. 83. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the firſt Bacchus, whoſe birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Paſtoral character by Thymœtes, grandſon to Laomedon and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the weſtern ocean, there he ſaw the iſland of Nyſa, and learned from the inhabitants that "Ammon king of Libya was married in former ages to Rhea ſiter of Saturn and the Titans; "that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin whoſe "name was Amalthea, had by her a ſon, and gave her poſ"ſeſſion of a neighbouring track of land wonderfully fertile, "which in ſhape nearly reſembling the horn of an ox was "thence called the Heſperian horn, and afterwards the horn "of Amalthea; that fearing the jealouſy of Rhea he conceal"ed the young Bacchus with his mother in the iſland of Ny"ſa;" the beauty of which Diodorus deſcribes with great dignity and pomp of ſtyle. This fable is one of the nobleſt in all the ancient mythology, and ſeems to have made a particular impreſſion on the imagination of Milton, the only modern poet (unleſs perhaps it be neceſſary to except Spenſer) who in

Wellpleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dow'r, unmindful of the fragrant iſles
Nyſæan or Atlantick. Nor canſt thou,
(Albeit oft' ungrateful thou doſt mock
The bev'rage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius! O Lenæan!) nor canſt thou
Diſown the pow'rs whoſe bounty ill repaid
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs! from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the ſcoffings of th' Edonian band.

For better praiſe awaits you. Thames your ſire,
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames receives
Delighted, and your piety applauds,
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure,
For faithful are his daughters, and with words
Auſpicious gratulates the bark which now
His banks forſaking her advent'rous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts

theſe myſterious traditions of the poetick ſtory I ſhall leave it to feel and words to expreſs the ſimple and ſolitary genius of Antiquity. To raiſe the idea of his Paradiſe he prefers it even to

——— "that Nyſean iſle
"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham
"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove)
"Hid Amalthea and her florid ſon
"Young Bacchus from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye."

ver. 94. *Edonian band.*] The prieteſſes and other miniſters of Bacchus, ſo called from Edonus a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft' at morn,
When Hermes from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove on yonder hill
Stoops lightly ſailing, oft' intent your ſprings
He views, and waving o'er ſome newborn ſtream
His bleſt pacifick wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, "tho' recluſe
"And ſilent be your ſtores from you, fair Nymphs!
"Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men;
"By you my function and my honour'd name
"Do I poſſeſs while o'er the Bœtick vale,
"Or thro' the tow'rs of Memphis or the palms
"By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The Engliſh merchant, with the buxom fleece
"Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
"Sarmatian kings, or to the houſehold gods
"Of Syria from the bleak Cornubian ſhore
"Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure which of old
"Sidonian pilots ſought, when this fair land
"Was yet unconſcious of thoſe gen'rous arts

℣. 105. *When Hermes.*] Hermes or Mercury was the patron of commerce, in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of 'The Indigitamenta in theſe beautiful lines';

Ἑρμῆϋ πάντων, κεφάλμοτορ, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὃς χειρέσσιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὅπλον ἀμύμονας.

℣. 121. *Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

"Which wiſe Phœnicia from their native clime
"Tranſplanted to a more indulgent heav'n."
Such are the words of Hermes, ſuch the praiſe
O Naiads! which from tongues celeſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth pow'r,
And thoſe who ſedulous in prudent works
Relieve the wants of Nature Jove repays
With noble wealth; and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing arms
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore; for O ye Nymphs!
Hath he not won th' unconquerable queen
Of Arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep, and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth oft' as from the ſhore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, ſhe her thund'ring navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge, her auſpices divine

℣. 126. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of War; for military power, at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that "from bounty iſſueth "power."

℣. 143. *Calpe—Cantabrian ſurge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biſcay.

Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion to diſmay barbarick kings,
Th' Iberian or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas, and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge
To drive her clouds and ſtorms, o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain, and the rocks
Of cold Imaus, join'd their ſervile bands
To ſweep the ſons of Liberty from earth.
In vain! Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrours on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning egis. Xerxes ſaw;
From Heracleum on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car he knew the ſign
Celeſtial, felt unrighteous hope forſake
His falt'ring heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.
  Hail! ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's pow'r,
Who arm the hand of Liberty for war,
And give to the renown'd Britannick name

℣. 150. *Ægina's gloomy ſurge.*] Near this iſland the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis over the Perſian navy.

℣. 160. *Xerxes ſaw.*] This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch in his Life of Themiſtocles deſcribes the ſeafights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

To awe contending monarchs, yet benign,
Yet mild of nature, to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness, she who saves
From pois'nous cates and cups of pleasing bane
The wretch devoted to th' entangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the ling'ring sluggard from his dreams,
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervour of the sunny vale
May beat upon his brow, thro' devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers, have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of Health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards presiding, and the frugal pow'rs
With joy sedate leads in, and while the brown
Innæan dame with Pan presents her stores,
While changing still and comely in the change
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet, you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast O Naiads! you the fair
Hygeia calls; and from your shelving seats
And groves of poplar plenteous cups ye bring

To ſlake his veins, till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels, waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe, and thro' th' abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads! hail,
Who give to Labour health, to ſtooping Age
The joys which Youth had ſquander'd: oft' your urns
Will I invoke, and frequent in your praiſe
Abaſh the frantick thyrſus with my ſong.
For not eſtrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he the god to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred and my votive cares
Belong, the learned Pæon. Oft' when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain,
When herbs and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun
(To rouſe dark Fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd, to your deep manſions he deſcends;
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He ent'reth, where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof, where thro' the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate: there the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl

℣. 204 *Thyrſus.*] A ſtaff or ſpear wreathed round with ivy, of conſtant uſe in the Bacchanalian myſteries.

Wafts to his paleey'd ſuppliants, wafts the ſeeds
Metallick, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink, and ſoon
Flies pain, flies inauſpicious care, and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan! as of old
When Python fell. And O propitious Nymphs!
Oft' as for hapleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, thro' ev'ry urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures! with the firſt
And fineſt breath which from the genial ſtrife
Of min'ral fermentation ſprings, like light
O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave!
My lyre ſhall pay your bounty: ſcorn not ye
That humble tribute. Tho' a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utt'rance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celeſtial pow'rs
I frame their language, and the Muſes deign
To guide the pious tenour of my lay.
The Muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wond'ring ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft' reveal; oft' my rais'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſick; oft' at noon
Or hour of ſunſet by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words

℣. 227. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

Of pow'r from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name; whence yet with grateful mind
And off'rings unprofan'd by ruder eye
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha where with you they dwell,
Where you their chaſte campanions they admit
Thro' all the hallow'd ſcene, where oft' intent
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conforted meaſure, till again
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo leader of the ſong,
Their voices thro' the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings; thoſe pow'rful ſtrings
That charm the mind of gods, that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares,
Aſſuage the terrours of the throne of Jove,
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around

℣. 252. *Cirrha.*] One of the ſummits of Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains ſaid to be frequented by the Muſes. Nyſa, the other eminence of the ſame mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

℣. 263.—*charm the mind of gods.*] This whole paſſage concerning the effects of ſacred muſick among the gods is taken from Pindar's firſt Pythian ode.

Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle, by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd, and fatiate with the melting tone,
Sov'reign of birds! The furious god of War
His darts forgetting and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
Relents and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men
In that great moment of divine delight
Looks down on all that live, and whatſoe'er
He loves not o'er the peopled earth and o'er
Th' interminated ocean he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye Naiads! ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence, but the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſt'ous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heav'nly ſtrains, of higheſt Jove
Irrev'rent, and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff the dames
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and th' unruly Faun,
With old Silenus reeling thro' the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrſus, or the torch

Thro' black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd
With ſhrieks and frantick uproar. May the gods
From ev'ry unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel band
And hearken to their accents, who aſpires
From ſuch inſtructers to inform his breaſt
With verſe, let him, fit votariſt! implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus and the dread exploits
May ſing in apteſt numbers; he the fate
Of ſober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate applauded; but with you
O Naiads! far from that unhallow'd rout
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes

℣. 297. *Phrygian pipe's*] The Phrygian muſick was fantaſtick and turbulent, and fit to excite diſorderly paſſions.

℣. 302. *The gates, where Pallas holds—The guardian key.*] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities, whence ſhe was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her ſtatues placed in their gates, being ſuppoſed to keep the keys, and on that account ſtyled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

℣. 310. *Fate——Of ſober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian prieſts and women for deſpiſing their myſteries.

Invokes th' immortal Muſe. Th' immortal Muſe
'To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphick mount, will guide
His footſteps, and with your unſully'd ſtreams 320

℣. 318. *The cave—Corycian.*] Of this cave Pauſanias in his tenth book gives the following deſcription: "Between Delphi "and the eminences of Parnaſſus is a road to the grotto of Co- "rycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is "by far the moſt remarkable which I have ſeen. One may walk "a great way into it without a torch. It is of a conſiderable "height, and hath ſeveral ſprings within it; and yet a much "greater quantity of water diſtils from the ſhell and roof ſo "as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people "round Parnaſſus hold it ſacred to the Corycian nymphs and "to Pan."

℣. 319. *Delphick mount.*] Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky ſituation on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

℣. 327. *Cyrenaick.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe Hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner, ſolely by way of exerciſe, the manner itſelf being now almoſt entirely abandoned in poetry: and as the mere genealogy or the perſonal adventures of Heathen gods could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader, it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part of the hiſtory of Nature, and to employ theſe ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed, to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world, which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

His lips will bathe, whether th' eternal lore
Of Themis or the majesty of Jove
To mortals he reveal, or teach his lyre
Th' unenvy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the blest
Where sacred bards abide. Hail! honour'd Nymphs!
Thrice hail! for you the Cyrenaick shell
Behold I touch revering: to my songs
Be present ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

"O vitæ philosophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum.
"——Tu urbes peperisti; tu inventrix legum, tu magistra morum et
"disciplinæ fuisti: ad te confugimus, a te opem petimus."
CIC. *Tusc. Quæst.*

I.

Science! thou fair effusive ray,
From the great source of mental day
Free, gen'rous, and refin'd,
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my lab'ring mind!

II.

But first with thy resistless light
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,

Thoſe mimick ſhades of thee,
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philoſophy.

III.

O let thy pow'rful charms impart
The patient head the candid heart
Devoted to thy ſway,
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
Where Reaſon points the way!

IV.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's, laws
Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great Nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe and thro' the ſky
Diſcloſe her working hand.

V.

Next to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
Thro' ev'ry maze purſue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt ambitious thoughts of man

Which range beyond control,
Which ſeek eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp the whole?

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let Mem'ry tell,
Bid Fancy quit her Fairy cell
In all her colours dreſt,
While prompt her ſallies to control
Reaſon the judge recalls the ſoul
To truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then lanch thro' Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale with juſt aſcent
And cautious ſteps be trod,
And from the dead corporeal maſs
Thro' each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye,
Nor dive too deep nor ſoar too high
In that divine abyſs,
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes t' aſſure her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bleſs.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men

And ſocial Nature's ties;
The plan the genius of each ſtate,
Its int'reſt and its pow'rs, relate,
Its fortunes and its riſe.

XI.

Thro' private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace ev'ry action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh;
Put tempters, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life and rule the will,
Propitious Pow'r! impart;
Teach me to cool my paſſions' fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that is mean:
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man
Thro' ev'ry various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of Manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age and guide of youth,

Sweet refuge of diſtreſs;
In buſ'neſs thou exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, pow'r, freedom, thou the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee what were humankind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind,
Their joys how mean, how few!

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil;
Let others ſpread the daring ſail
On Fortune's faithleſs ſea,
While undeluded happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly
And ſit in peace with thee.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I. FOR A GROTTO.

To me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighb'ring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The figtree and the vine
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot
Were plac'd by Glycon: he with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount
I ſlumber: here my cluſt'ring fruits I tend,
Or from the humid flow'rs at break of day
Freſh garlands weave, and chaſe from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in
O Stranger! undiſmay'd; nor bat nor toad
Here lurks; and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
My quiet manſion, chiefly if thy name
With Pallas and th' immortal Muſes own.

II. FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER

AT WOODSTOCK.

Such was old Chaucer, such the placid mien
Of him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. Theſe ancient walls
Have often heard him while his legends blithe
He ſang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eſtate and age
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Tho' perchance
From Blenheim's tow'rs O Stranger! thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain
Doſt thou applaud them if thy breaſt be cold
To him this other hero, who in times
Dark and untaught began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land.

III.

Whoe'er thou art whoſe path in ſummer lies
Thro' yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms; there dwells Albert, gen'rous lord
Of all the harveſt round! and onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light

Faſt by a ſilent rivulet. Humbly walk
O Stranger! o'er the conſecrated ground,
And on that verdant hillock which thou ſeeſt
Beſet with oſiers let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook, and ſtrew
Sweet-ſmelling flow'rs, for there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd, for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſons harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime; but ſoon did righteous Heav'n
With tears, with ſharp remorſe and pining care,
Avenge her falſehood; nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide
The ſtrokes of Death. Go, Traveller! relate
The mournful ſtory; haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O Youths and Virgins! O declining Eld!
O pale Misfortune's ſlaves! O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble Quiet! ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings,
O ſons of Sport and Pleaſure! O thou Wretch
That weepſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds

Of conſcious guilt or Death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam
In exile! ye who thro' th' embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a publick cauſe!
Approach; behold this Marble! know ye not
The features? hath not oft' his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then round
His monument with rev'rence while ye ſtand
Say to each other "This was Shakeſpeare's form,
"Who walk'd in ev'ry path of human life,
"Felt ev'ry paſſion, and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GVLIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE SIATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P G A. M. A.

VI. FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires, O Stranger! ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms,
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The Charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of publick virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name
Go call thy ſons, inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors, and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down entire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VII. THE WOODNYMPH.

Approach in ſilence; it is no vulgar tale
Which I the Dryad of this hoary oak
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my off-ſpring; and each Nymph who guards
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond

Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
Th' unhallow'd sons of Luxury and Guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine I know the paths
Of Wisdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft' presag'd; and now well pleas'd I wait
Each ev'ning till a noble youth who loves
My shade a while releas'd from publick cares
Yon' peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches: then his musing mind
I prompt unseen, and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good, and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with Freedom's gen'rous deeds,
The lofty voice of Glory, and the faith
Of sacred Friendship. Stranger! I have told
My function: if within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

Ye Pow'rs unseen! to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars, ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions, if erewhile

Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft' this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated, then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love t' invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm, the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heav'n; the harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd; the neighb'ring groves
Are mute, nor ev'n a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence ye kind Pow'rs! Aloft in heav'n
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence O ye kind inſpiring Pow rs!
And I will guard it well; nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom, unobſerv'd, unſtor'd,
By faithful Memory: and then at ſome
More active moment will I call them forth
Anew, and join them in majeſtick forms,
And give them utt'rance in harmonious ſtrains,
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

IX.

Me tho' in life's ſequeſter'd vale
Th'Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilſome ways
And the great ſcenes of publick praiſe,
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetick flame,
And early muſick to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And this be thy concern he ſaid,
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man,
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan
His reaſon, fancy, and his heart, unite.

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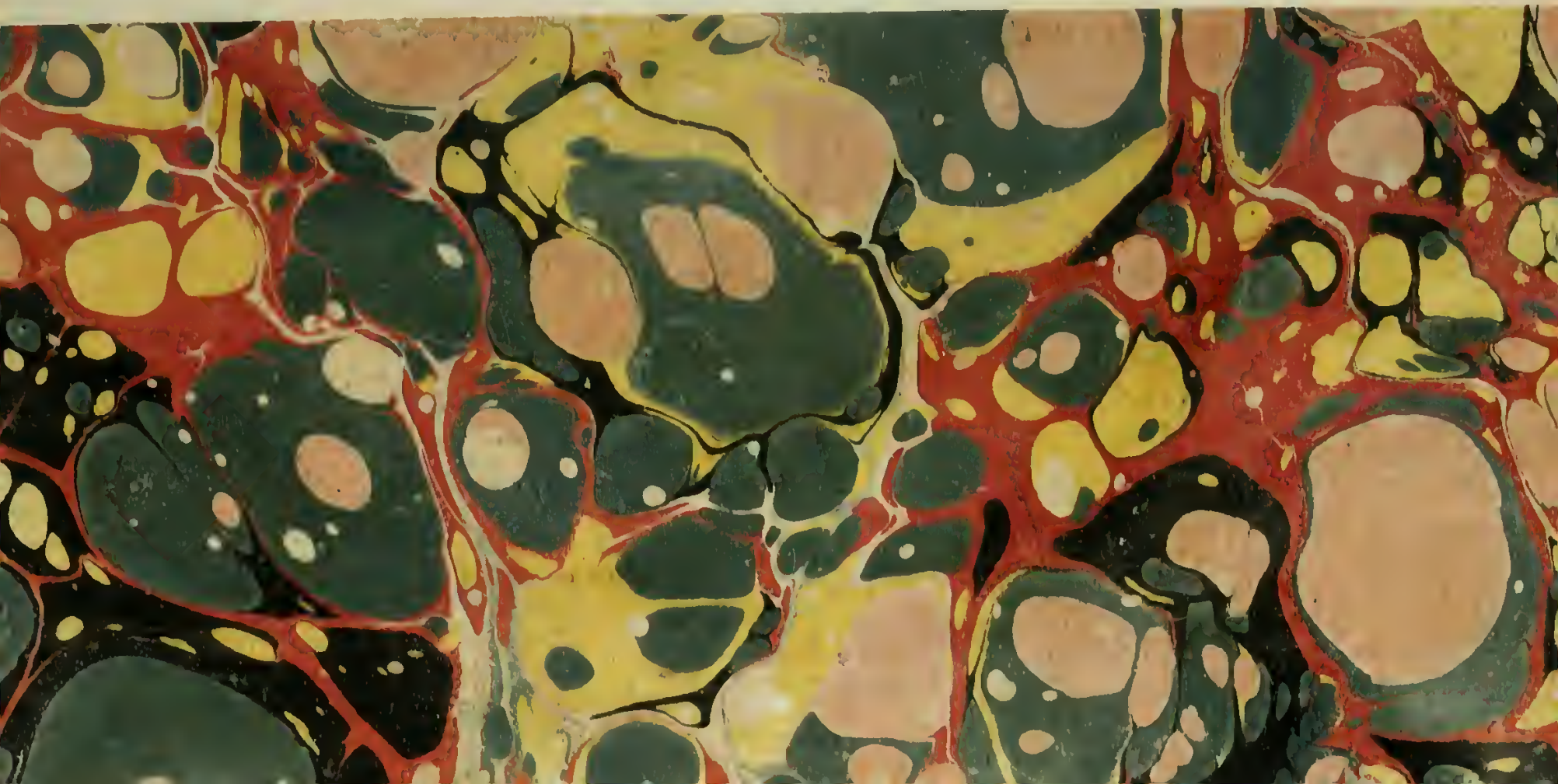

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